



Geronimo Stilton

THE TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE

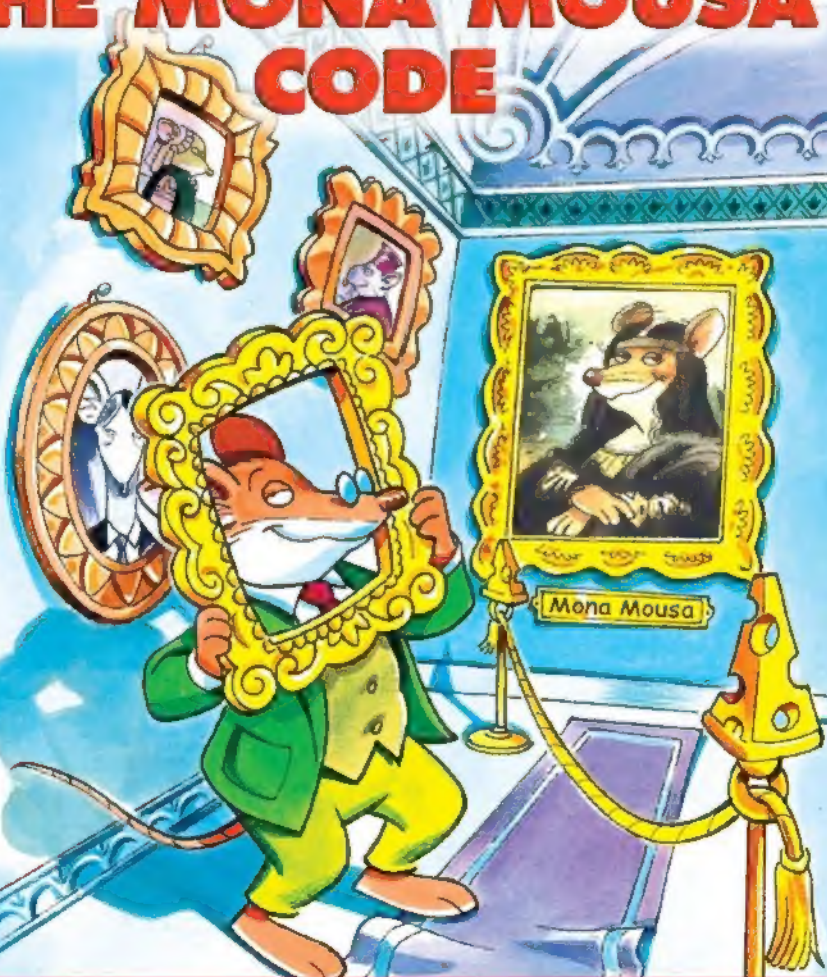


SCHOLASTIC



Geronimo Stilton

THE MONA MOUSA CODE



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THE TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE



SCHOLASTIC

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton
A learned and brainy
mouse; editor of
The Rodent's Gazette

Thea Stilton
Geronimo's sister and
special correspondent at
The Rodent's Gazette



Trap Stilton
An awful joker;
Geronimo's cousin and
owner of the store
Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving
nine-year-old mouse;
Geronimo's favorite
nephew



Geronimo Stilton

THE TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE



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www.geronimostilton.com

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A MYSTERIOUS YELLOW ENVELOPE

Early one morning, I got up and ate breakfast. *Another day, another cheese danish*, I said to myself. Then I ran to the subway. I didn't want to be **late** for work.


Oops, I almost forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run the most popular newspaper on Mouse Island. It's called *The Rodent's Gazette*.

Now wait, let's see, where was I... oh, yes, I was on my way to the office. When I got there, I found a **m y s t e r i o u s**



Geronimo Stilton

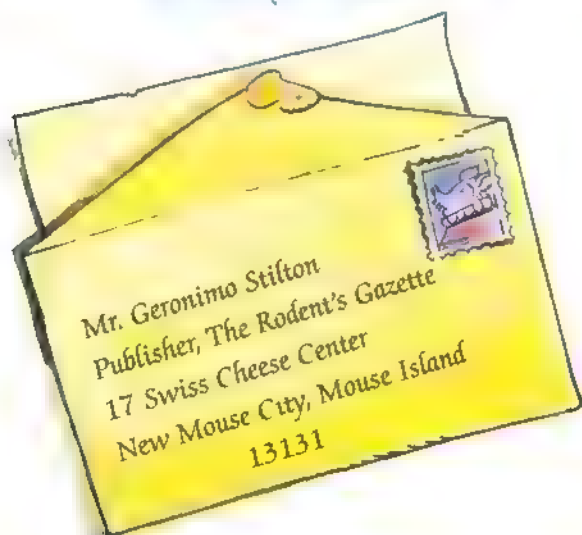


 envelope on my desk. It was addressed to me. I recognized the handwriting. It belonged to Professor Paws von Volt.

The professor was a famous scientist. We became friends during one of my many adventures.

I slit open the envelope. My paws were *trembling* with excitement.

Any message from the professor is always thrilling. But it wasn't a message that thrilled me this time. It was four plane tickets to *CLUB MOUSE* in Crocodilia.





Do you know where *Crocodilia* is? It is on the Amazon River in *Brazil*!

The tickets were made out to me; my nephew Benjamin; my sister, Thea; and my cousin Trap. I *wondered* why the professor needed our help in the Amazon. It was all very mysterious.

I called my sister. She is the special correspondent for *The Rodent's Gazette*. "Hold on to your whiskers! I have incredible news!" I announced. "Professor von Volt has sent us tickets to join him on the Amazon!"

My sister squeaked so loud, my ears rang. "*HOLEY CHEESE!* What a fabumouse scoop for *The Rodent's Gazette!*" she cried. "You get the gear. I'll tell the others. We'll meet at the airport in fifteen minutes."

One thing you should know about my sister. She *LOVES* to give orders.



MY EARS ARE NOT STUFFED WITH CHEESE!

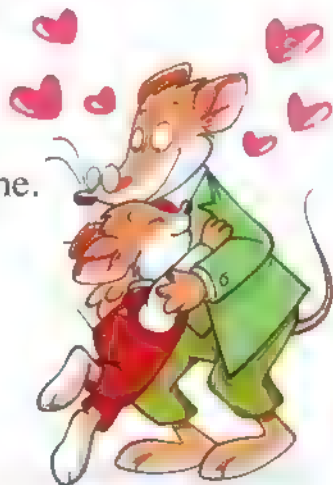
I **RAN** right away to Rats Authority, the best store in town for sporting goods. I picked up some stuff for our trip to the **tropics**. Then I **RUSHED** to the airport.

My little nephew Benjamin gave me a mouse-sized hug. "Uncle Geronimo, I'm so glad I'm going with you!" he squeaked.

I smiled. Oh, how I love that nephew of mine.

Oh, how I love him.

Just then, my sister started **yelling** at me.



*My little nephew
Benjamin*



“Did you get everything, **Gerry Berry**?” Well? Well?” she demanded.

When I didn’t answer right away, she pinched my tail. “Are your ears stuffed with cheese, Geronimoid?” she added.

Did I mention my sister can be a pain in my fur?

Thea popped open my suitcase. Then she began

DIGGING THROUGH IT

I had packed four pairs of waterproof knee-high boots, four pairs of comfy **CAMOUFLAGE** pants, four hats with mosquito netting, a **first-aid kit**, and

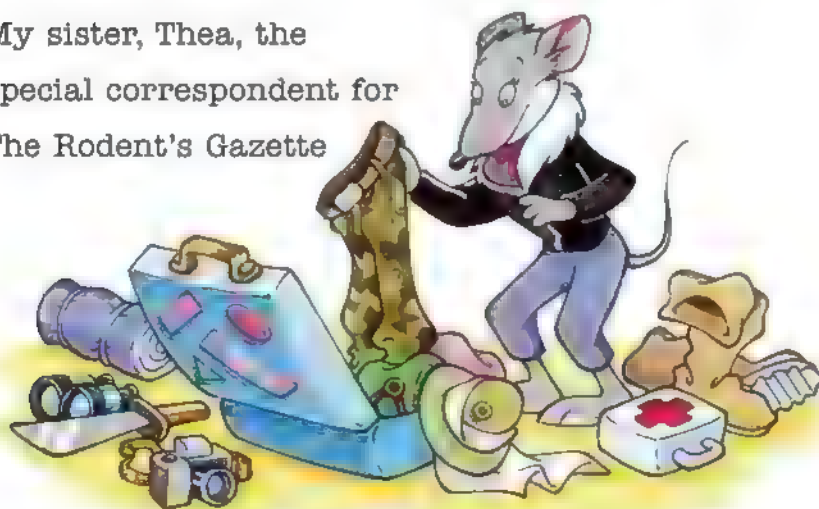


more. “Looks like you have everything,” Thea said approvingly.

But right then, a voice chimed in. “Everything? Are you kidding?” it scoffed. “If it weren’t for me you would have forgotten the most important thing... **food!**”

I turned around, but I knew already who was squeaking. It was my cousin Trap. That mouse could eat a five-hundred-pound rodent under the table. Yes, eating was not

My sister, Thea, the
special correspondent for
The Rodent’s Gazette





just a hobby for Trap. It was his life!

Now he **WAVED** a piece of **Swiss cheese** under my **SNOUT**. “Go ahead, try it, Cousinkins,” he ordered. But before I could open my mouth, he swallowed it in one **gulp**.

I was furious.

“**Ha-ha-ha!** You always fall for it, Germeister!” Trap guffawed.

Then he showed me a little silver knife he wore around his neck. “I just finished a cheese-tasting course,” he explained. “I always wear this little knife around my neck. You never know when something yummy may pass your way.”

Suddenly, a big, **BEEFY** rodent in a muscle T-shirt walked by. He was munching on a cheddar sandwich. Trap took one look at





that sandwich and whipped out his knife. Before I could stop him, he'd sliced off a **PIECE** of it!

Muscle Mouse turned around. He was infuriated. And he was glaring right at me. "Hey, you! What do you think you're doing?" he shrieked.

I tried to explain, but he wouldn't listen.

"If I catch you, I will tie your tail into knots!" he shouted, chasing after me.

I hid in the restroom.

Cheese niblets!

This trip was getting off to a

terrible start!





IF I CATCH YOU, I WILL REARRANGE YOUR FUR!

FIVE hours later, the plane was ready to take off. I was still hiding in the restroom. What else could I do? I didn't want to get mashed to a pulp by old Muscle Mouse. I could hear him squeaking outside the door.

*"If I catch that rotten mouse,
I'll twist off his tail! I'll rearrange his fur!"*
he growled.

My teeth were chattering so fast, they could have won a tap dancing contest. I waited until the last possible moment to leave the restroom.

"**Last call** for flight 285 departing for Crocodilia! **Last call!**" a voice announced.



This was it. I had to make a **BREAK** for it. Quiet as a mouse, I slipped out of the restroom. Then I **RACED** for the plane.

Paws pounded after me. "Come back here, you no-good cheese nibbler!" I heard Muscle Mouse screech.

With one last gasp, I jumped onboard. A few minutes later, we took off.

The trip was very long. After all, the Amazon River is not on Mouse Island. It is far, far away in South America. That's a whole other continent!





BIG-TIME FUN!

Finally, we arrived. A **tall, lanky** mouse with red shorts, **curly** fur, and a **PURPLE** ponytail greeted us.

“Welcome to Club Mouse!” he yelled. “Are you ready for some big-time fun? We’ve got big-time volleyball! We’ve got big-time water polo! You name it, we’ve got it — *big-time!*” He was jumping up and down like an aerobics instructor.

I rolled my eyes. Oh, how I hate these types of resorts. I’m not into organized activities. I just like to do my own thing. I couldn’t wait for the professor to show up.

Then I noticed Ponytail Mouse was staring at me. “You need to turn that pout inside out, Stilton. *Big-time!*” he said.



Before I could stop him, he began tickling the bottom of my paws. I **rolled** on the ground in a fit of **giggles**. Can you guess why? I am very ticklish!

“Excellent! Now you’ve got it, Stilton!” Ponytail Mouse shrieked.

Then he waved his tail in the air. “**THEME SONG!**” he called out.

Five sweaty mice appeared out of nowhere. They began to dance and sing.

**Rowdyrat
Bigtime**





"Here at the club we're into big-time fun.

We like to swim and dance and sing,

We like to do most anything.

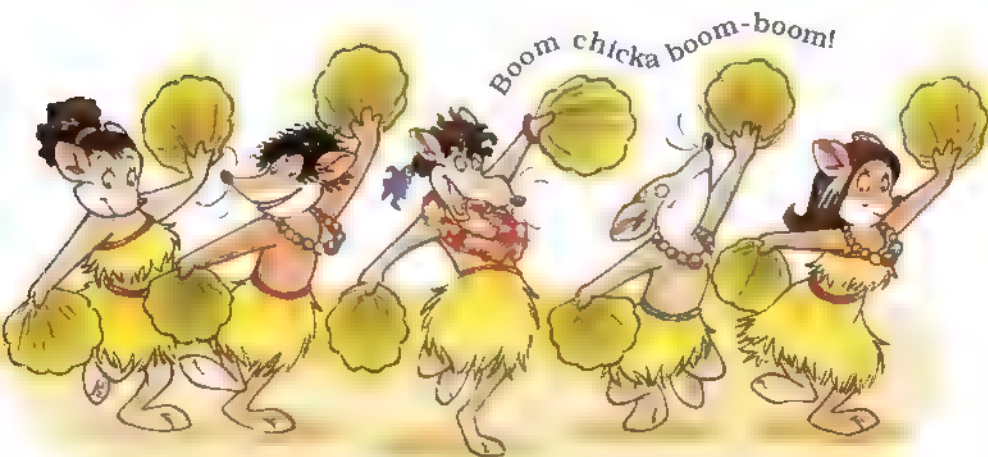
So join on in now, don't be shy,

Give snorkeling a big-time try.

Yes, at Club Mouse we never frown,

And if you do, we'll track you down!"

When the song ended, Ponytail Mouse clapped his paws. "Hello, rodents and gentlemice!" he yelled. "I am the head of this club! My name is **Rowdyrat Bigtime!** I'd like to remind you that our





HEE-HEE HA-HA lessons start at six o'clock!"

Hee-hee ha-ha lessons? What were they? Probably some ridiculous Club Mouse ritual. I shook my head. Did I tell you I hate organized activities? I glanced at my watch. It was exactly six o'clock on the snout.

Just then, Rowdyrat grabbed me by the tail. Slimy Swiss balls! He was dragging me up to a big stage.

I turned pale. I hate dancing. I hate singing. But most of all, I hate making a fool of myself.

"Let me go, PLEASE!" I squeaked.

But Rowdyrat didn't listen. He forced me to dance. The crowd roared with laughter.

Then Rowdyrat tickled the bottom of my paws.

I rolled around in the sand in a fit of giggles. Oh, why did I have to be so ticklish?

"Stilton, you're going to have big-time fun



even if it kills you!” Rowdyrat insisted.

I groaned . . . *big-time.*

Meanwhile, Rowdyrat was busy making more announcements. “I love you all, Club Mousers!” he yelled to the crowd. Everyone cheered. “And now it’s time for our **water polo tournament!**” he continued. “Last one in the pool is a rotten rodent!”

The crowd made a mad dash for the water. I made a mad dash for my room. I’d had enough of this big-time nonsense. Enough to last a lifetime! I couldn’t wait for Professor von Volt to arrive.





THESE ARE CALLED CLICK-CLICKS!

Ten minutes later, Benjamin skipped into my room. A huge **grin** spread across his face. “Uncle, look! I caught a crab,” he squeaked happily.

He held out a disgusting **ORANGE** crab that had a ferocious look.

My fur stood on end. “Wh-where did you find it?” I stammered.

Benjamin pointed outside. “Right here, on the beach. **Rowdyrat Bigtime** taught me how to fish for crabs,” he explained. “He said these are called click-clicks. I don’t know why, though.”

I started to tell him to put the crab down when





tragedy struck. First that **HIDEOUS** creature glared at me. Then it jumped at me and pinched my tail with its claws. **CLICK-CLICK!**



I shrieked at the top of my lungs.

"Uncle, are you OK?" Benjamin cried.

I didn't want to alarm my nephew. "Let me explain to you why they call it a click-click," I mumbled. Then I *fainted*.



WHEN IN DOUBT, I GIVE AN INJECTION

I came to in the infirmary. "What . . . where am I . . . the crab . . . click-click . . ." I babbled.

Dr. Wacky Whiskers held up a long, pointy needle. "When in doubt, I give an injection," he said. "Everything gets better with an injection."

My eyes nearly popped out of my fur.

Quick as a flash, I jumped out of bed.

I raced for the door, screaming, "It's a miracle! I'm cured!"

Oh, when was Professor von Volt going to get here?

I found Benjamin in our room. "Uncle, how do you feel?" he asked.



*Dr. Wacky
Whiskers*



Just then, Rowdyrat poked his snout in the door. He tried to tickle me. I bounced into the **AIR** . . . and landed on a **sea urchin**. “Yowee!” I shrieked.

Uncle, I'm so sorry,” my nephew apologized. “Rowdyrat helped me find that sea urchin on the beach.”

I should have known. That obnoxious rodent was getting to be a big-time pain in my fur!

They carried me to the infirmary on a stretcher.

Dr. Wacky Whiskers shook his head. “You again, Stilton?” he mumbled. He grasped a syringe. “When in doubt, I give an injection. Everything gets better with an injection!” he declared.

This time, I didn't have the strength to run. **Oh, how did I get myself into such a mess?!**



*I bounced off the bed and
into the air.*



WORSE THAN TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY

Thea and Trap came to see me in the infirmary.

"This place is *great!*" Thea squeaked. "I'm enjoying myself *big-time*. Today, I took aerobics, *windsurfing*, water-skiing, **KICKBOXING**, and deep-sea diving lessons!"

Trap nodded. "I'm having the best time, too!" he agreed. "I played *big-time* soccer with Rowdyrat. Then I stuffed myself *big-time* at the Chuckle Cheese Hut."





"Sounds great," I mumbled. But I was lying. I'm not much of a **sportsmouse**. And who knows what kind of cheap food they serve at a place called the Chuckle Cheese Hut.

As soon as I felt better, I decided to go to the beach with Benjamin.

I dipped my paw in the water. **Brrr!** It was cold. Maybe I'd stick to sunbathing.

Just then, a mouse came racing right for me. He was screaming **Something**.

I groaned. It was Rowdyrat. I dove into the water to get away from him.

That's when I found myself in the middle



Trap stuffing himself



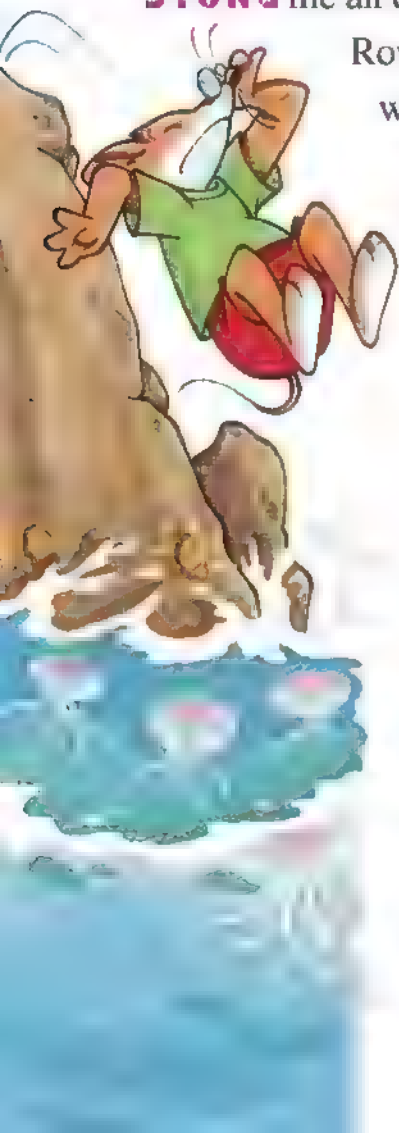
of a **SCHOOL OF JELLYFISH!** They **STUNG** me all over — even on the tail! Rats!

Rowdyrat pulled me out of the water. “I was trying to warn you that there are big-time jellyfish in there,” he said.

Dr. Wacky Whiskers shook his head when he saw me. “Stilton. What a **surprise**,” he smirked.

He smeared a disgusting, **STINKY** cream all over my fur. Then he wrapped me up in bandages. I was more preserved than Tutankhamen's mummy!

“When in doubt, I like to give an injection,” the





doctor told me. As if I didn't know that already. He pulled out his long needle.

I was horrified. I was queasy. I was never so glad to see my cousin Trap in all my life. He **WHISKED** me away in a wheelbarrow before old Wacky Whiskers could stick me again.





WOULD YOU PREFER WIND, STENCH, OR MOSQUITOES?

Wind



The next morning, Benjamin and I went to the beach. I stretched out on the sand with my book, *Inspector Cheesy Cracks the Case*. I love reading silly mysteries when I'm on vacation.

Ah, now this was the life. The sun, the sand, the surf . . . the **WIND??** Yes, the wind was so strong, it nearly ripped my whiskers off! **Rats!**

I packed up my things. We moved to another beach. Yes, this was more like it.



No wind on this beach. But what was that awful smell? I grabbed my nose. The **STENCH** was worse than my cousin Stinkyfur after a workout. **it stinks!**



Once again, we moved to another beach. Cheese niblets! This one was infested with mosquitoes.

Oh, where was the professor? This place was a **NIGHTMARE!**

Benjamin tried to cheer me up. "Uncle, don't be upset. It's not so bad," he soothed. "What do you prefer — the wind, the stench, or the mosquitoes?"

Before I could answer, a seagull began



circling

overhead. "SQUAWK! SQUAWK!"

I shuddered. I don't trust seagulls. One time, a seagull stole my glasses right off my face. It took me ten hours to find my way back to my beach blanket.



Just then, the seagull dropped something on my head. It was a piece of paper wrapped around a heavy wrench.

"HOLEY CHEESE!" I squeaked.

Benjamin read the note out loud:

Dear Friend,

I knew I could count on you. I will wait for you at midnight down by the river. Make sure nobody sees you. It is very important we keep our meeting a secret.

Mousey regards,

Professor Paws von Volt

I breathed a **SIGH OF RELIEF**. Finally, the professor had arrived!

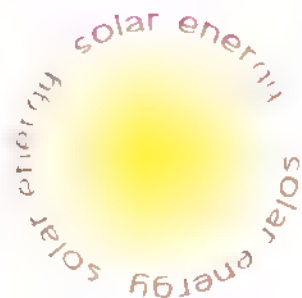


LAND, SEA, OR SKY?

At **MIDNIGHT**, Thea, Trap, Benjamin, and I went to the river. How would the professor get there? By **land**, by **SEA**, or by *sky?*

You see, the professor liked to use many different types of transportation — trucks, helicopters, submarines. They were all made in his laboratory. Every one ran on solar energy. He was always perfecting them. One day, the professor wanted to pass on his inventions to the world. A **planet** without any pollution was his **BIGGEST DREAM**.

I paced up and down the riverbank. Benjamin stuck to my side like glue. “Tell me



again, Uncle, about the time you saw the professor on Mouse Everest. That must have been so cool,” he squeaked. “I wonder if I could be the professor’s assistant while we’re here. Can you ask him, Uncle? Can you? Can you?”

I nodded. The professor had never met Benjamin, but I knew he would love him. Who wouldn’t love such a sweet, adorable mouse?

Suddenly, the water began foaming with waves. A yellow submarine decorated with cheese holes broke the surface.

With a loud POP! the hatch opened. A pair of mouse ears stuck out.

“Professor von Volt!” I called.

“Stilton, Geronimo Stilton!” the professor answered. “Welcome, my friend!”



*A yellow submarine decorated with
cheese holes broke the surface.*



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING STILTON

The professor invited us inside his submarine, the *Vonderwater*. He explained how the sub ran on batteries. “The top part of the submarine is made up of silicon crystals,” he said. “When the **CRYSTALS** are exposed to **sunlight**, the batteries are instantly recharged!”

The professor led us into a huge living room. A Steinrat grand piano stood in the corner. I wished I could play. But I wasn’t a very musical mouse. I had trouble playing the kazoo. Behind the piano was a bookcase filled with books. On the walls hung the professor’s beloved collection of **priceless paintings**.





Besides the living room, there was a kitchen, an aquarium, a greenhouse for growing fruits and vegetables, and a computer room.

“Holey cheese! This place has everything!” I **remarked**.

The professor patted my shoulder with his paw. “Yes, everything, except a good friend,” he said with a **grin**.

“You are a true *gentlemouse*, Geronimo Stilton.”

I blushed. But I noticed Trap rolling his eyes. He hates it when rodents talk sappy. “So, do you have anything to eat?” he asked, patting his tummy.

I groaned. Oh, why was I related to such an **obnoxious** mouse?



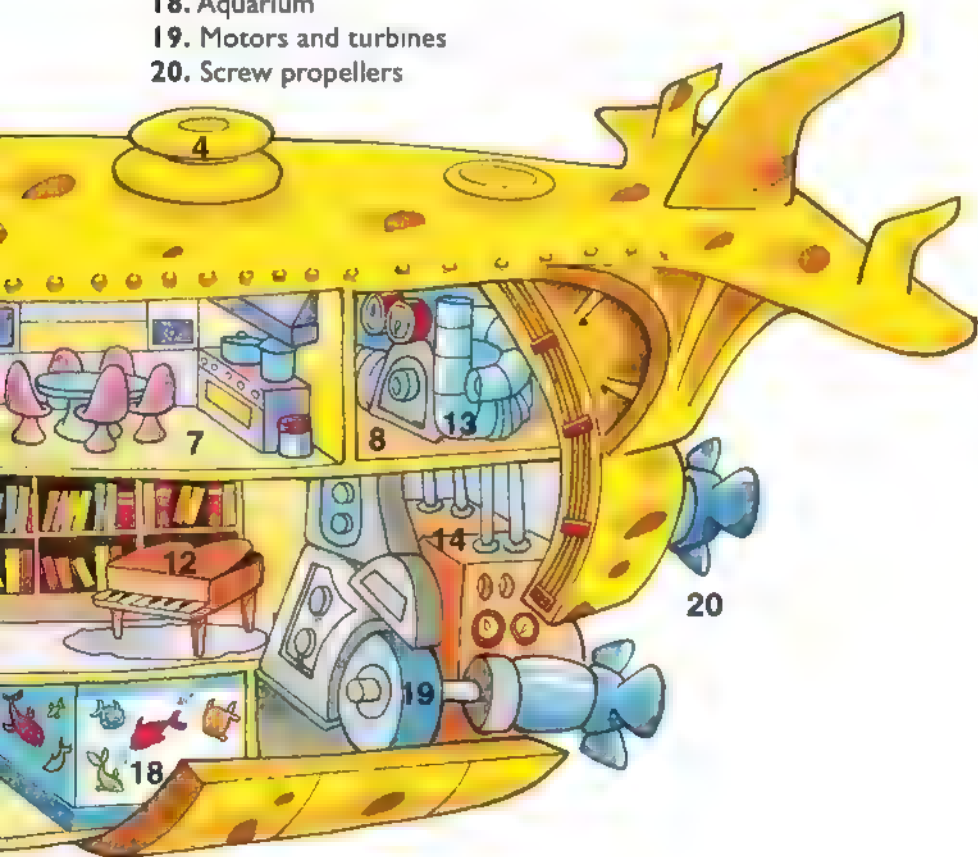
PROFESSOR
PAWS VON VOLT

The "Vonderwater," Professor Paws von Volt's submarine

1. Silicon crystals that absorb solar energy
2. Command room with turret
3. Periscope
4. Watertight door
5. Computer room
6. Machine room
7. Kitchen
8. Boiler room
9. Bathroom



- 10. Art collection
- 11. Library
- 12. Piano
- 13. Desalinization equipment
- 14. Electrical center
- 15. Underwater camera
- 16. Solar lamps
- 17. Planting beds
- 18. Aquarium
- 19. Motors and turbines
- 20. Screw propellers



*This submarine is powered by
nonpolluting solar energy.*



The professor offered us a plate of cheese sandwiches. Then he told us why he had brought us to the Amazon.

“I am searching for an ancient Incan temple,” he began. “It is said to be hidden in the thick trees and plants next to the river. Inside the temple is a giant **ruby**. It would be an amazing archaeological find. I thought you might like to join me.”

We all agreed **enthusiastically**.

“Wait till they hear about this at school!” Benjamin squeaked. I told the professor how my nephew wanted to be his assistant.

Volt beamed. “That would be **fabumouse**,” he cried. “I really need a trusty rodent to take notes for me.”

Benjamin was **thrilled**. “Thanks, Professor, you won’t be sorry!” he exclaimed, giving me a hug.



A VOYAGE ON THE AMAZON RIVER

Soon we were on our way. We sailed up the Amazon River. What an **UNBELIEVABLE** sight! The plants were lush and incredibly **green**. Multicolored birds sat on the branches of the trees. Crocodiles floated like killer logs in the water. Enormouse hairy spiders, carnivorous ants, and poisonous snakes watched us from the shore. I shivered. I was glad I was on the sub. Don't get me wrong, I like **WILDLIFE** as much as the next rodent. But this wildlife was a little **TOO** wild, if you know what I mean.


I chewed my whiskers to keep from **shrieking** with fear. I didn't want anyone to call me a scaredy mouse. I forced

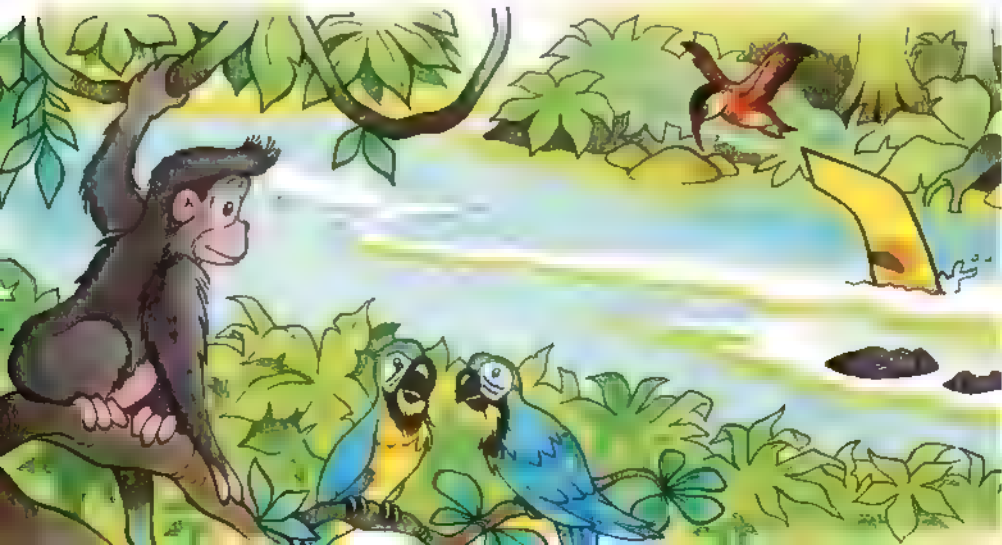
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBOUSE



October 12, 1492

myself to listen to the professor. He was giving Benjamin a history lesson.

“The first rodent to land in the Americas was Christopher Columouse in 1492. But he thought he had reached . That’s why he called the local people Indians. After Columouse, the conquistadors arrived from Spain. They were soldiers who conquered land in the





name of the king of Spain. Next, **ADVENTURERS** from Portugal came. They colonized Brazil,” he explained.

“Why is the river called the Amazon River?” Benjamin asked.

“Perhaps some of the soldiers saw native women sailing up the river, armed with bows and arrows. These **FIGHTING** women made them think of the Amazon warriors in Greek *mythology*,” the professor suggested.





Then the professor sighed deeply. He said he was worried about the Amazon Forest.



Today, greedy mice continue to damage the forest. They chop down trees and pollute the water. "If it doesn't stop **SOON**, we will have an ecological **DISASTER** on our paws," the professor moaned, shaking his head sadly.



Along the river, we noticed huts made out of leaves. Natives armed with bows and arrows peeked out. When they saw the professor, they smiled and **RAN** down to the river.

“These are the Yanomami. Like their ancestors, they live in the forest. The forest provides them with everything they need to survive,” the professor explained. “They love nature and they respect it. We should all follow their example.”

He docked the submarine. Then he **embraced** their chief. You could see that they were great friends!

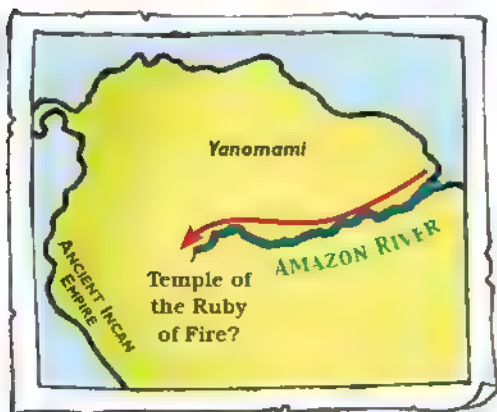


THE YANOMAMI

We stayed with the Yanomami for a few days. We listened to stories around the **FIRE**. A Yanomami taught Benjamin how to make **bracelets** out of toucan feathers. Another painted designs on Thea's fur with sap from urucu berries. "I can't wait to show Timmy Tidytail at the salon," my sister gushed.

Yes, those Yanomami were fascinating rodents. I could write all about them in *The Rodent's Gazette*.

The chief explained how worried he



was about the forest being cut down.

I nodded.



Maybe I could write about that, too. "I will try to help you," I promised the chief.

Soon it was time to go. We said good-bye to our new friends.

Then we sailed up the river.

YANOMAMI

Today, around 11,000 Yanomami live in the Amazon. Their first contact with civilization came in the 1970s, when a highway was built on their land. In the 1980s, gold was discovered and their land was invaded by miners. The miners polluted the rivers and destroyed the forest to build roads.





A MYSTERIOUS NOISE

Soon we reached the beginning of the Amazon River. We were in the land of the legendary Incan empire!

The professor turned on the **COMPUTER**. He showed us a bird's-eye view of the forest.

"The plants are less dense here," he said, pointing to a spot. "I think that's where we should search for the **TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE.**"

We hid the submarine in a cove on the river. Then we trudged through the forest.

We walked for hours,
the vines cutting
through
with machetes.

I was sweating. My back was aching. And I had blisters all over my paws. Rats! I couldn't wait to get back home. I would book a whole day at the *Restful Rodent*. Have you ever been there? It's one of the most relaxing spas in New Mouse City.

Finally, we reached a tiny village.

The chief greeted us warmly. "Welcome, strangers. My name is Strongfur. This is my wife, Warmfur. And this is my daughter, Monkeyfur," he said. "Please, follow me, and I will introduce you to the rest of our village."

That night, we sat together around the **FIRE**. The chief and his family were warm and friendly. *I could get used to this place*, I decided. It would be great to escape the rat race. Maybe I could even change my name. Brainyfur might work. Or maybe Trustyfur.

I was still thinking about a good name for



myself when the chief's wife asked, "What brings you all so far from home?"

"We are looking for the Temple of the Ruby of Fire," Professor von Volt said.

Strongfur jumped to his paws. He had a strange look on his face. "There is no temple. There is no ruby," he said.
"YOU MUST GIVE UP YOUR SEARCH!"

The whole village repeated his words. "No temple! No ruby! No search!"

We were shocked. What were the villagers hiding? Still, something told us not to argue. For once, even my obnoxious cousin kept his snout shut.

That night, I was snoring happily when a mysterious noise woke me up.

"What was that?" Thea whispered.

It sounded like something buzzing.



WATCH OUT FOR THE BITERS!

The next morning, we asked the chief about the strange noise.

“Noise? What noise?” he answered.

“Noise? What noise?” the natives repeated.

Deep in thought, I went to the river to get washed. I bumped into the chief’s daughter, Monkeyfur.

“Watch out for the Bitters. There are a lot of them in the river,” she advised.

I looked into the crystal-blue water. I didn’t see anything. I wondered what she was talking about. So I bent over to wash my face.

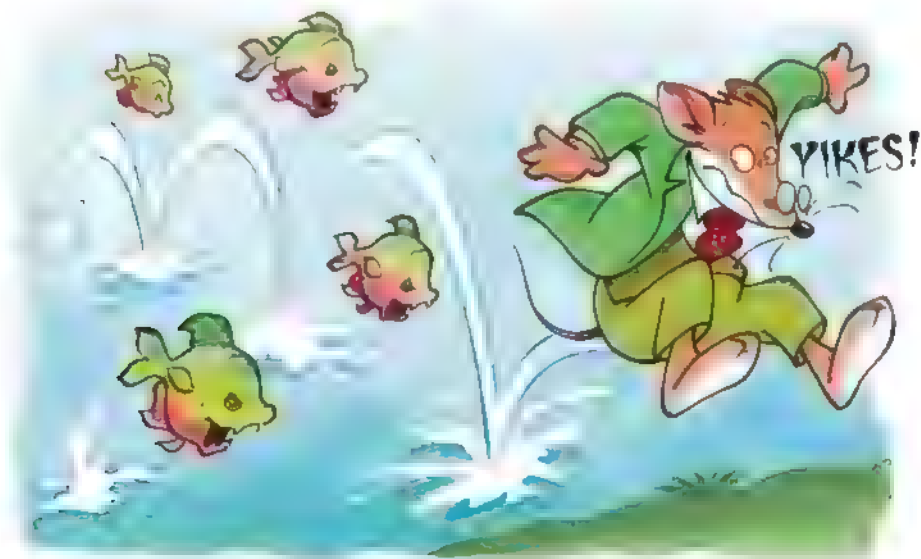
Suddenly, Monkeyfur began jumping up and



down. "Bitters! **Watch out!**" she squeaked.

She pointed to a school of fish headed for me.

They were so small and colorful. "Oh, those cute little fish won't hurt you. Here, fishy, fishy!" I said, sticking my paw out. I grinned at Monkeyfur. She needed to get out more. Maybe I could help her overcome her fear of fish. Even a scaredy mouse like myself had overcome my fear of the dark.





Well, sort of. I still slept with my Cheeseball the Clown night-light on. But don't tell anyone.

Just then, I noticed something odd. The fish had opened their jaws. I saw two rows of teeth. Sharp teeth! Rancid rat hairs! Now I knew what Biters were. They were **piranhas!**

I jumped out of the river in three leaps.

Monkeyfur breathed a **SIGH** of relief.

My paws were **shaking** like furry leaves. I decided to rest under a tree.

But before I could sit down, Monkeyfur began screaming again.

"WATCH OUT FOR THE CAIMAN!"

she yelped.

HELPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!



I jumped up. **CLICK!** An enomouse **CROCODILE** snapped his jaws at me.

I headed back to the village. "Watch out for the **TAIL - THAT - STINGS** and the **VINE - THAT - SUFFOCATES!**" Monkeyfur called.

I looked all around.



I saw nothing.

Nothing at all.

Was Monkeyfur pulling my tail?

"You are looking, but you are not seeing,"



Monkeyfur explained.

She pointed to a
poisonous black
scorpion **HIDDEN**
in the leaves. Then
she showed me an

ANACONDA

SLITHERING ON A BRANCH
RIGHT OVER
MY HEAD!



**Cheese niblets!**

Monkeyfur giggled. “If you want to survive in the forest, you need to use your eyes better,” she advised.

I nodded. “You saved my life. How can I **thank** you?” I asked.



“C” LIKE IN CAIMAN

Monkeyfur showed me a notebook. “Do you know how to **read**?” she asked.

When I nodded, she looked impressed. It seemed no one in the village knew how to **read** or write. Can you imagine? **Reading** and writing are my life!

“Only *THEY* can do it,” Monkeyfur blurted out. Then she clamped a paw over her mouth.

“Who are *they*?” I asked. But she wasn’t squeaking. I was dying to know what secret Monkeyfur was keeping. But I decided it wouldn’t be right to pry. After all, she had just saved my life. Instead, I offered to teach her how to **read** and write.

We sat down by the riverbank. We began



with the alphabet. "‘A’ like in apple, ‘B’ like in banana," I recited.

Monkeyfur giggled. "I think I’ve got it," she said. Then she pointed to a pair of yellow eyes watching us from the river. "‘C’ like in caiman," she said. She grabbed my paw, and we raced back to the village.

Yes, Monkeyfur was a fast learner. But I was the fastest runner with that croc on our tails!





IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

That **NIGHT**, I went to sleep with my clothes on. I put my flashlight next to my sleeping bag. I wasn't taking any chances. What if a snake slithered under the door? What if a scorpion crawled through the window? What if my cousin put **ITCHING POWDER** in my sleeping bag? Trap loves to play pranks on me. Once he tied a bell to my tail. When I took a step, I sounded just like a cheese ice cream truck. Rodents came running from all over town!

I was sleeping soundly when I was woken up by a noise. It was the same **MYSTERIOUS** noise from the night before.

I woke up Thea, Trap, Benjamin, and



A team of rodents was busy cutting down trees.



Professor von Volt. Quiet as mice, we went to investigate.

We discovered a horrifying scene. A team of rodents was busy **cutting down** trees. They put the trees on a **BIG TRUCK**. Soon there would be no trees left!

The professor was furious. "**Scoundrels!**" he whispered, enraged. "They have no respect for the forest!"

We decided we'd better keep quiet.

I mean, these were rotten rodents. Rotten to the core.

One chubby mouse appeared to be the boss. The others called him **Nastytail**. His fur



Nastytail



was slicked back on his head. He wore a huge gold medal around his neck. It said, I'M NASTY — AND PROUD OF IT! He had a **thick** gold watch on his wrist. A glittering **diamond** hung from his ear.

"Bones, do this! Bones, do that!" he shrieked at a mouse as **thin** as string cheese. The mouse was wearing a black shirt decorated with **skeleton heads**. He had an evil expression on his snout. I shivered.

"OK, Boss, we're done here," he told Nastytail. "Tomorrow **NIGHT** we'll change campsites. But we'd better watch out for those natives. We don't want them getting any funny ideas."



BONES



Just then, an **enormouse** rodent with a crewcut came strutting over. His paws were as big as my aunt Ratilda's ten-pound cheddar logs. His teeth looked like they were made out of **steel**. His name was **MIKE MICESON**.

"Don't worry, I'll handle them," he sneered, grinning at Nastytail. "If they get out of line, I'll just squash 'em!"



He jumped up and down, punching the air. Then he punched a tree. It **split** in two. Part of the trunk fell on his foot. A big hairy spider crawled out of the trunk and bit his toe.

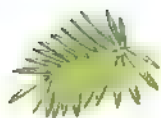
MIKE MICESON

..Owwwww
www!!!

the big mouse screamed.

Bones giggled under his whiskers.

Nastytail just rolled his eyes. “Miceson!” he squeaked. “You may be big, but you have the brain of a **DUG**!”



THE STRANGERS ARE RIGHT!

The next morning, I talked to Strongfur. “We know about the evil rodents who are destroying your forest,” I said. “We want to help. We must stop them before it’s too late.”

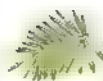


Strongfur shook his head sadly. “I’m afraid no one can help,” he said with a sigh.

“*They* have threatened to **BURN** down our homes.”

Suddenly, Monkeyfur jumped to her paws. “The strangers are right!” she cried. “We must return to the **HOUSE OF THE HOWLING SPIRITS**, where the tombs of our ancestors are buried!”

“Howling Spirits?” muttered Thea.



"Tombs?" added Benjamin.

"Okay, spill the beans," said Trap.

Slowly, Strongfur let us in on their secret. It seems they were the last descendants of the Incas. For years, they had been living deep in the forest next to the House of the Howling Spirits. It was the same as the place we called the **TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE**. Then the **EVIL RODENTS** had come and began chopping down trees. Strongfur and the rest of the villagers were driven away.

I watched Monkeyfur listening to her father. She looked angry. "Father, please let me go with the strangers," she pleaded. "Together we will stop the evil ones. We should not have to live in **fear**."

After a few minutes, Strongfur nodded. He hugged his daughter. "You may go," he agreed. "***But remember, you must be sly like a monkey.***"



THE HOUSE OF THE HOWLING SPIRITS

We decided to leave in the **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**. We crept on tippy paws out of our hut. Monkeyfur met us on the **PATH**. She led us deep into the forest.

Even though it was nighttime, it was **HOT**. Terribly hot. Sweat dripped off my tail. And my whiskers. And my eyelashes. **Cheese niblets!** I felt like I was locked in the sauna at the Muscle Mouse. Have you ever been there? It's a popular health club in New Mouse City. I went in once just to check it out. I got my tail stuck in the treadmill. I dropped a pink dumbbell on my paw. Then I fell off the bicycle. How embarrassing! Oh, well. You may have



already guessed,
I'm not very
athletic.

I was getting
to be a good
observer, though.
Monkeyfur had
taught me how.



A jaguar is hidden in this
picture. Can you find it?

I **looked around**. I saw all of the details I
had never noticed before. I saw an insect
hidden in a flower. I saw a snake underneath
a mossy **TREE** trunk. I saw a caiman sunk
into the **MUD**. I pulled Benjamin aside. I
showed him all of these things. Now he, too,
could learn the difference between looking
and seeing.

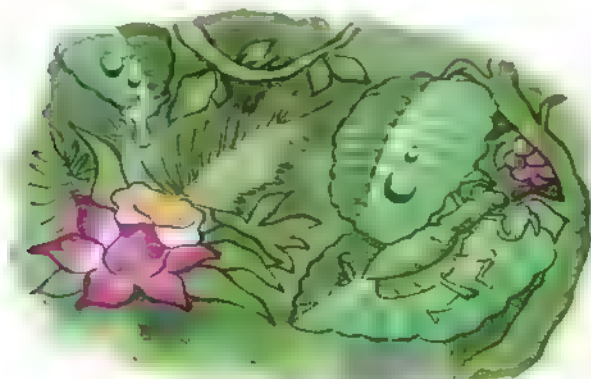
In the meantime, Thea was busy snapping
pictures right and left. Trap tried to get in
all of her shots. "Aww," he squeaked,



HANGING FROM A VINE

All of a sudden, we heard another squeak. No, it wasn't really a squeak. It was more like a scream. "Wh-wh-wh-at is th-th-th-at?" I stammered.

Monkeyfur motioned for us to stay quiet. "That is the scream of the **HOWLING SPIRITS**. We must be close to their house," she whispered.



A praying mantis is hidden in this picture. Can you find it?



I gulped. I was scared silly. I mean, who wants to meet a bunch of spirits? Especially howling ones. I wondered what they were howling about. Maybe they were hungry. Maybe they were cold. Or maybe they wanted to scare us living rodents to death. Then they'd take over our bodies, move into our homes, and rearrange our furniture. What a **NIGHTMARE!**

Oh, how I hate these scary adventures!

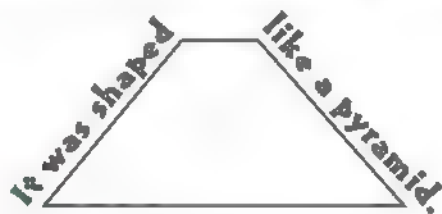


An anaconda is hidden in this picture. Can you find it?



WHO DO I HAVE TO SQUASH, BOSS?

I pulled out my binoculars with shaky paws. I could see Nastytail's campsite. Then I saw something else. Hidden in the vegetation was a stone structure covered with vines.



The only thing missing was a point at the top.

All around the structure were tall columns of stone. It was the **remains** of an ancient Incan village! Professor von Volt was so excited, he nearly squeaked with joy. Luckily, Trap put a paw over his mouth before he blew our cover.

This is where our ancestors lived.









"This is where our ancestors lived," Monkeyfur whispered. "We lived here, too, until the **EVIL ONES** arrived."

We crept nearer. The **shadows** kept us well hidden.

We listened as Nastytail barked out orders. "Tomorrow, we will cut down all the trees surrounding the temple," he said. "Those trees are very valuable. Soon we will be *rolling* in cheese. But we need to speed up the work. I want it all gone by the end of the day!"

Bones chewed his whiskers. "Um, but what about Strongfur and the natives, Boss?" he asked. "What will they do?"

Nastytail let out an evil laugh. I guess they didn't call him Nastytail for nothing.

Miceson stood up and began punching the air. "I'll tell them what to do, Boss," he



sniggered. "Just tell me who to **SQUASH** and I'll **SQUASH** 'em!"

He danced around in a circle like a boxing champion. Then he tripped over a log. He landed on a pile of red earth. It was a termite nest!

Miceson ran to the stream, screaming. Bones was giggling under his whiskers.

Nastytail shook his head. "Such a big fool." He sighed.





BUT WHERE IS THE RUBY?

An hour later, Nastytail and his crew were sound asleep.

We headed for the **TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE.**



Monkeyfur led the way inside. Flickering **candles** hanging on the walls cast **eerie shadows** all around. My heart was racing as fast as my uncle Cheesebelly at an All-U-Can-Eat cheddar buffet.

Suddenly, we heard a bloodcurdling **SCREAM.**

“Do not worry. Those are just the Howling Spirits,” Monkeyfur explained.

Just the Howling Spirits? I felt like I was



about to faint. Oh, how I wished I were home in my safe, comfy mouse hole!

But before I could pass out, I saw something. No, not just one something. A whole lot of somethings! A bunch of black monkeys were swinging from the beams above our heads. They were **howling** at the top of their lungs.

Just then, they spotted Monkeyfur. They came down to greet her.

She spoke to them in a strange language. “**Oooo! Oooo! Eee! Eee!**” The monkeys answered her with a big group hug.

“See, they will not hurt you,” Monkeyfur told us. “They are my friends.”

Professor von Volt was busy studying the temple. He dictated some notes to his new assistant, Benjamin.



I looked around. In the main room there was a large, **round** well. A big, dusty stone covered the well.

"This is where I used to place the fruit for the Howling Spirits to eat," Monkeyfur said. "It was once a **SACRIFICIAL ALTAR**."

Thea snapped away with her camera. The temple was **fascinating**. There were strange inscriptions on the **walls** in the hallway.

INCAS

The Incas lived in Peru since 1500 B.C. Until the end of the fifteenth century, their empire included Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, and parts of Argentina.

In 1532, the Incan king Atahualpa was captured by the Spanish conquistador Francisco Pizarro, who took over the kingdom. The Spaniards destroyed the Incan treasures, which had immeasurable artistic and historic value. They melted the Incas' gold and burned their artifacts.

And drawings of all types of animals and plants. I felt like I was back in the time of the Incas.

"But where is the **RUBY?**" Trap asked Monkeyfur.



A COLUMN OF FIRE

Monkeyfur grinned. Then she pointed to the dusty stone covering the well.

Trap wiped some of the dust off the stone. Then Thea took one of the torches off the wall and held it over the stone.

“Well, I’ll be a rodent’s uncle!” Trap shouted. The stone sparkled in the light. We had found the **RUBY OF FIRE!**

“This stone hides a **secret**,” Monkeyfur said. She told us the stone worked like a faucet. When you turned it, precious drops of the Oil of Fire came out. The villagers had been using the oil to light their lamps for centuries.

I turned the ruby slowly. A few drops of

**TURNING,
TURNING,
TURNING,**

THE TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE

1. Torches on the walls
2. Fresco
3. Sacrificial altar
4. Ruby covering the well
5. Well
6. Monkey-shaped faucet
7. Empty terra-cotta jugs
8. Table where the fruit is placed for the monkeys
9. Entrance

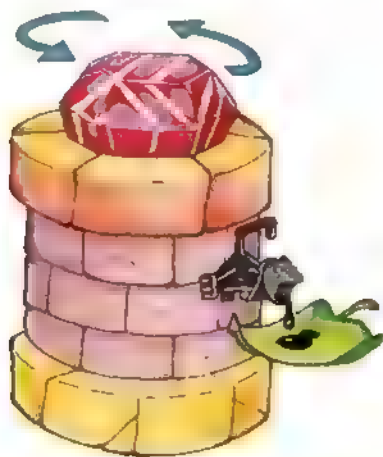




DARK LIQUID dripped out.

“Let me try that, Germeister,” my cousin insisted. He pushed me aside. Then he yanked on the ruby full force.

“Stop!” everyone screamed. But it was too late. A huge spray of oil gushed out.



THIS IS HOW IT WORKS:

When you twist gently, a tiny bit at a time, the Ruby makes the monkey-shaped faucet produce a few drops of oil.



A spark from Thea's torch made the oil burst into flames. The well became a column of **fire!**

We didn't know what to do. We couldn't exactly call 911. But luckily Monkeyfur came to our rescue. She slammed the big stone over the fire. The flames died down all at once.



PAWS UP!

Just then, I heard a noise. “Paws up!” a voice squeaked.

We turned around. It was Nastytail and his crew. Fortunately, they had not seen the oil gushing out of the well.

“Hey, Boss. That’s Strongfur’s daughter,” Bones told Nastytail. “Let’s hold her hostage. That will make her father obey us!”

Nastytail nodded. “Good idea,” he muttered. *“I was just going to say that.”*

Miceson stared at us with a menacing look. “Who do you want me to **SQUASH**, Boss?” he sneered. “Just give me the word and I’ll do it!”

Then he punched a stone slab. It broke in two and landed on his paw. A monkey bit

“Www!”

"Owwwwww!" Miceson squeaked.

My cousin rolled his eyes. "What a bunch of nitwits," he scoffed. "You haven't even noticed the ruby."

Thea elbowed him to keep quiet.

But Bones perked up his ears. "Yes, legend has it that there's a giant **ruby** hidden here," he grinned. "We have to make them spill the beans, Boss."

Nastytail nodded. "Um, right. Spill the beans," he muttered. *"I was just going to say that."*

Miceson puffed up his chest. "Do what the boss said. Spill the beansprouts or I will squash you!" he growled.



This time, he didn't hit anything. Instead, he twirled around in a circle, punching the air. After a while, he had to sit down. He looked dizzy.

Bones giggled. The rest of us kept quiet. The **ruby** was right under our snouts. But there was **no** way we were going to tell these bozos.

Bones thought for a moment. "Let's threaten to mousenap Monkeyfur," he said to Nastytail. "That will get them squeaking."

Nastytail shook his head. "Yes, yes," he agreed. *"I was just going to say that."*

They grabbed Monkeyfur.

At that moment, the professor jumped up. "Leave her alone!" he commanded. "The ruby is here. Right under your **SNOUTS**."

He pointed to the well.



The rotten rodents stared at the glittering stone. Three pairs of eyes opened wide. Three jaws hit the ground. **“Jackpot!”** they shrieked with glee.

The rotten rodents stared at the glittering stone.





Oo! EEE! OOOOOO!

The three scoundrels pounced on the stone like a hungry cat on a sleeping mouse.

"The **ruby** is so **big!**" Nastytail cried. "**I wonder what it's worth.**"

Bones pulled a calculator out of his pocket. He punched in some numbers. Then he showed the total to Nastytail.

Nastytail gulped. "I'm *rich!*" he shrieked.

Just at that moment, a few drops of oil dripped out of the faucet.



Bones stared at the oil. "Boss, this is oil! There must be an oil well under this stone!" he giggled. "We won't be rich, we'll be stinking rich!"

Oo! EEE!



OOOOO!

Bones and Miceson slapped paws. “We’re stinking rich! We’re stinking rich!” they chanted. They were so excited. They did cartwheels around the room. They looked like two mouselets on Christmas morning.

Nastytail frowned. “I am the boss!” he roared.

“I will say who is rich around here!”

Then he ordered them to haul the stone away.

I noticed Monkeyfur waving to the monkeys. They had been watching us from the ceiling.

“Oooo! Oooo! Eee! Eee!”

Monkeyfur yelled. In a flash, the monkeys sprang at the three villains. They began to hit them with stones and leftover avocados. I watched with envy. Those monkeys were good shots. I wondered if they ever thought



about starting a baseball team. But I didn't get a chance to ask.

Seconds later, Nastytail's two sidekicks had dropped the **RUBY**. "We give up! Make them stop!" the villains cried.





THE ARMY OF THE HOWLING SPIRITS

Monkeyfur shouted another order.

Immediately, the monkeys squatted in front of her. How *amazing*! They were as disciplined as a little *army*. She gave some fruit to the monkeys. They nibbled on it happily.

“For years, we have fed the army of the **HOWLING SPIRITS**,” our friend explained. “They are the guardians of the *RUBY* and our precious oil well. But we do not *want* to use too much oil. We should not waste what nature gives us.”

The professor nodded. “Monkeyfur is right,” he said. “Happiness comes from



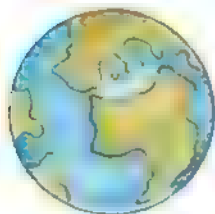


wanting only what you **need**. Too many rodents in the world today want **more** than is necessary. We are squeezing the earth as if it were a **LEMON**. Soon there will be no natural resources left for future generations.”

I thought about what the professor had said. He was right. We needed to take care of our **environment**. I vowed to use only recycled paper from now on. And maybe I could use less water. I could turn off the



water when I brushed my teeth. And I could take a bath every other night instead of every night. Although that last one would be tough. I love a nice hot cheddar *bubble bath*. It's a great way to escape from the rat race. Cheddar bubbles, take me away!



**The earth is
not a lemon
to squeeze.**





THE TRUE GUARDIAN OF THE RUBY

I was still dreaming about that bubble bath when I heard a **loud CRASH**. I gasped. Nastytail had smashed the **RUBY** with his machete!

"If I can't have it, no one can!" he sneered.

Monkeyfur burst into tears. "The **RUBY** is lost forever!" she groaned. But for some reason a *strange* smile crept over her face. **WHY?** I wondered what secret she was hiding this time.

Trap tied up the villains with his rope. They sat glumly underneath a tall tree.

Then Monkeyfur led us to the other side of the temple. "I have a surprise for you!"

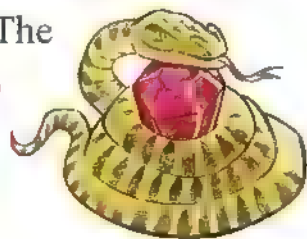


she said with a wink. She pushed aside some banana leaves. They hid a narrow tunnel. At the bottom of the tunnel, I saw two yellow eyes shining. They belonged to an enmourse boa constrictor. It was guarding a "PINK LIT" ruby.

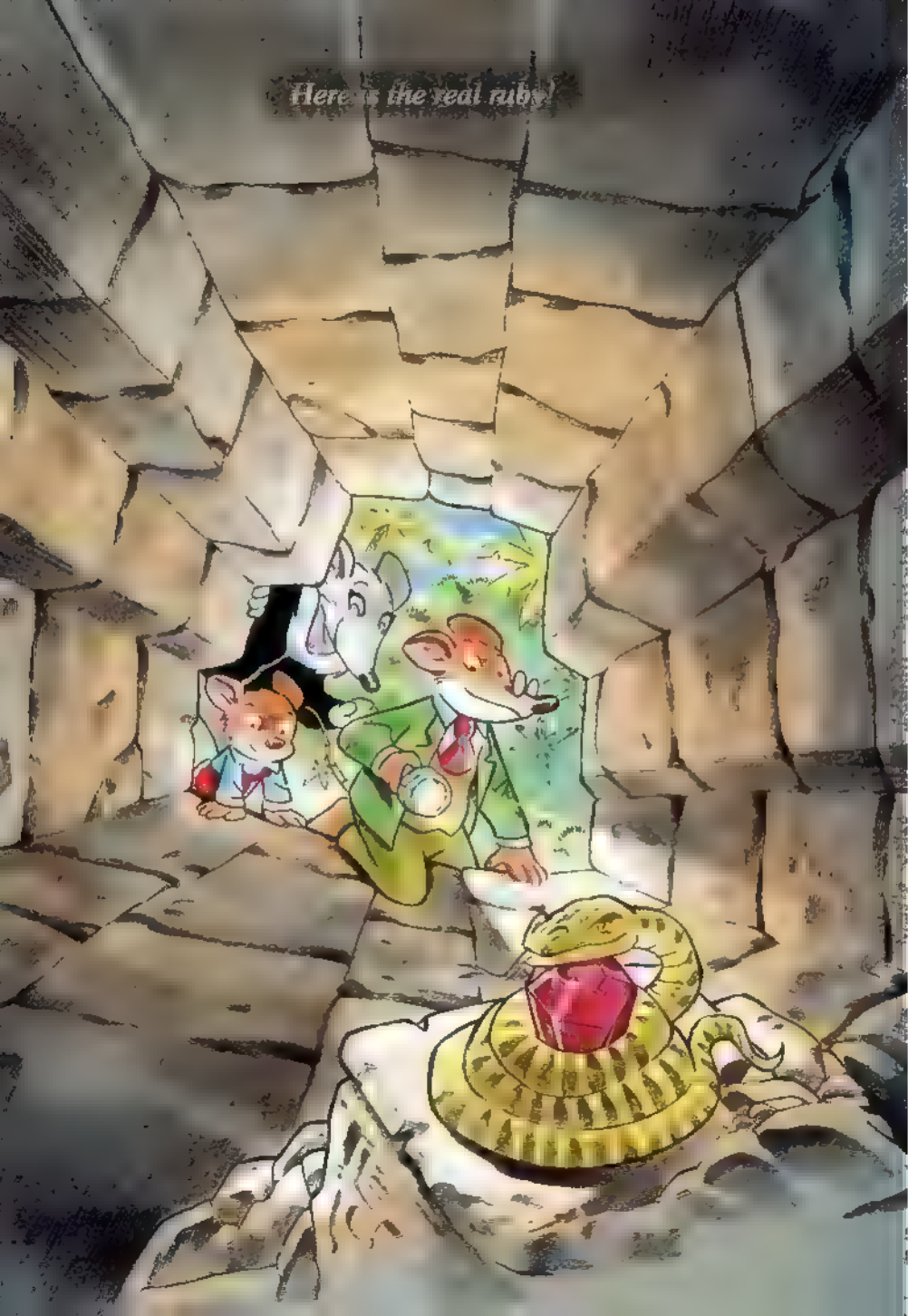
"Sssssssssssssssssssss!" Monkeyfur hissed.

The snake slid *obediently* toward her. I was impressed. Monkeyfur couldn't read or write, but she could speak two other languages — monkey and now snake!

The snake placed the ruby in Monkeyfur's paw. She explained that this was the real ruby. For many years, **EVIL RODENTS** had been trying to steal it. So the villagers came up with a plan. They would put a fake ruby inside the temple. The boa constrictor **GUARDED** the real ruby day and night.

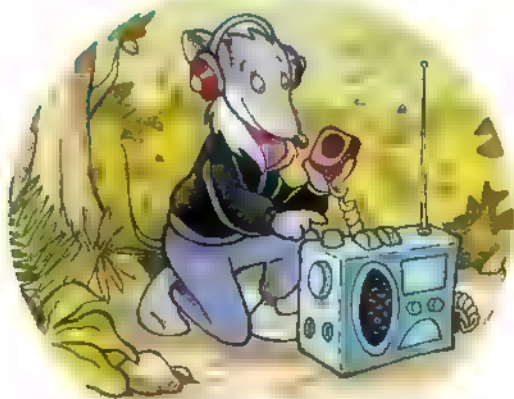


Here is the real ruby!





Thea turned on her two-way radio. She put in a call to the local police. “We have captured three nasty rodents,” she said. “They have been **cutting down** all of the trees in the forest. Please come and get them. **Over and out!**”



Over and out!



BE SLY LIKE A MONKEY!

The police arrived the next morning.

Trap led them to the tall **tree**.

But the evil rodents were gone.

Trap's rope lay on the ground in pieces.

My cousin blushed. "**OOPS**," he mumbled.

"I must have used my trick breakaway rope by accident. It's great for practical jokes, but not so good for catching criminals."

The police **SHOOK** their heads. "Too bad," the shorter officer sighed. "We'll never find them. It's too easy to hide in this forest."

Just then, I noticed Monkeyfur giggling under her whiskers. "Don't be so sure of that. Follow me!" she said. I had a feeling that Monkeyfur was up to something. But what?



We walked along the path that led to the village. *That's when we spotted a deep hole*

covered with twigs.



It was a trap. Down below, Nastytail was *jumping* up and down in **ANGER**. "Get me out of here!" he shrieked.

We burst out laughing. A little bit farther, we saw Mike Miceson. He was dangling upside down from a vine. "Help!" he cried. **But what about Bones? Where was Bones?**

Well, we came across him soon enough. He was trapped in a wooden cage. Monkeyfur had caught every last one of them. She was one clever mouse! I was



lucky to be learning from her.

“I was just following my father’s advice,” Monkeyfur explained. “Be **sly** as a monkey. After all, that is how I got my name!”





THE HEADACHE PLANT

The next day, Strongfur and the rest of the villagers, big and small, returned to their homes. They were happy to be back near the *TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE.*

They invited us to stay for a while. I was excited. Now I would have time to finish teaching Monkeyfur how to read and write.

In return, she tried to teach me how to speak to the monkeys. I guess I wasn't very good, though. The monkeys *laughed* and *laughed* when I practiced. Trap and Thea joined them. "Face it, Gerry Berry, you just can't squeak their language," my cousin smirked.



Finally, it was time to leave.

I started to pack my bags, but my head was pounding. I had a terrible **head-ache**. “I’m sorry, Geronimo. I seem to have lost the **FIRST-AID KIT**,” said the professor.

I sighed. Headaches are no fun.

I noticed Warmfur watching me. She stood up. “I can fix your **head**,” she said. She ran away into the woods. Warmfur must have thought *she* was giving me a headache.

But she returned a few minutes later. She was carrying a little plant. The leaves were shaped like he♥rts. Warmfur **GROUND UP** the leaves into a juice.

“Drink,” she ordered, giving me the juice. So I did. I mean, I didn’t want to insult her. But I was nervous. What if the juice made my tail fall off? What if I sprouted wings? I



closed my eyes. *Don't panic*, I told myself. It didn't work. I opened my eyes. I couldn't put my paw on it, but something was missing. I wiggled my tail. I waved my paws. Then I felt my head. Now I knew what was missing. My headache was gone!

Warmfur smiled. "This isn't **magic**," she said. "It is science. We call this the headache plant."

Soon the professor and Warmfur were chatting away about **SCIENCE** and **plants**. They were like two old friends.





I LOVE EVERY TREE. I LOVE EVERY FLOWER.

On the flight home, Benjamin snuggled next to me. He was filled with questions about the Amazon forest. He asked me about the animals who lived there. He asked me about the plants. I told him that many of the plants and animals in the forest are **ENDANGERED**. Pollution was slowly killing them off. We were losing some of the earth's most amazing **treasures**.

Benjamin shook his head sadly. "That is awful, Uncle," he said. He pulled out his notebook. Then he wrote this poem about **nature**.



I LOVE EVERY TREE.
I LOVE EVERY FLOWER.

I love every tree, I love every flower,

I love everything in nature,

every minute, every hour,

Clear and crystal waters,

stars that shine way high above,

rich green forests filled with creatures,

that is what I love!



A LIVING PRESENT!

The next morning, I was happy to be back at work. Don't get me wrong, I loved the rain forest. But I missed *The Rodent's Gazette*. Plus, I wasn't crazy about sleeping in the forest. I missed my comfy cozy bed. And then there was my mega **HUGE** fridge . . .

I was thinking about my favorite cheeses when Benjamin burst into my office.





"Look, Uncle! I brought you a surprise," he squeaked. "It's an avocado **pit**. You can



1. Take an avocado pit and stick four toothpicks in it about halfway.
2. Fill a glass with water. Put the pit in the water so that half the pit is submerged and the other half is above the waterline. Change the water frequently.



grow it into a **plant**. I wanted to give you something **living**.”

He put the glass on my desk. I gave him a **hug**. Isn't my nephew   the sweetest mouse   in the world?

Now he grabbed my paw. “Uncle, guess what? My teacher wants to know if you will come to our school. You could tell everyone about our **ADVENTURES** in the Amazon,” he said. “Oh, can you, Uncle? Pretty please with a cheddar ball on top?”

I grinned. How could I say no to such an adorable rodent?



3. When small roots have formed, plant the pit in a pot with good soil. Water it frequently so that the soil is always slightly damp.



WHAT IS THE AMAZON FOREST?

On Monday, I went to school with Benjamin. His friends asked lots of questions. I squeaked and squeaked until I was blue in the face. Well, I guess I didn't really turn blue. After all, have you ever seen a blue mouse?????

What is the Amazon?

It's a region around the Amazon River. It's huge: more than two million square miles. That's ten times the size of Texas!

It's covered with dense forest, called rain forest, because it rains a lot. The air is always very humid. It's hot; the temperature fluctuates between 77 and 95 degrees Fahrenheit all year round.

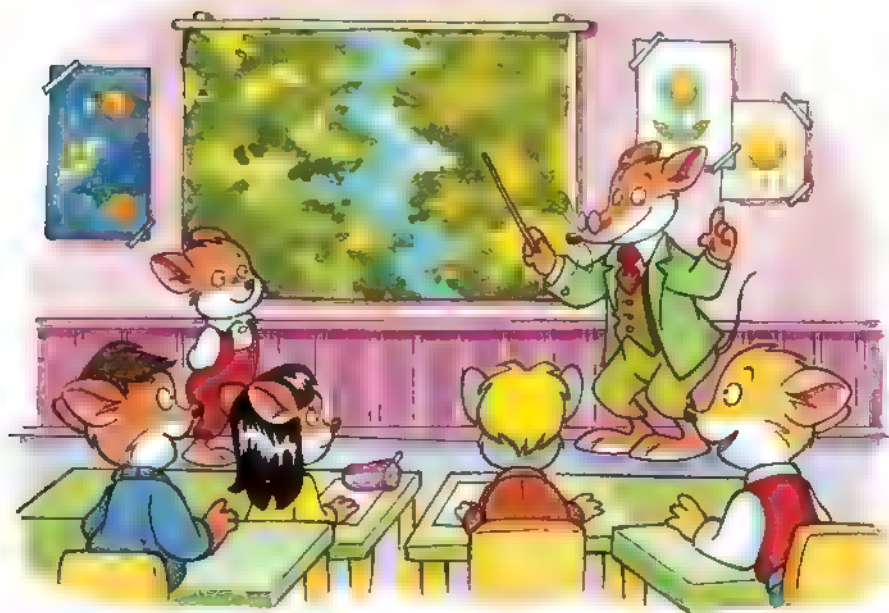
Who lives in the Amazon forest?

The Yanomami. They grow sweet potatoes, bananas, and gather mushrooms, berries, and honey. They eat monkeys,

tapirs, and even insects. They hunt using bows and arrows. They also use blowpipes, which are hollow tubes that tiny arrows are blown through. (Sometimes the arrows are dipped in a poison called curare.) The Yanomami are good fisherman. They live in huts made out of leaves and sleep in braided hammocks.

What animals live in the Amazon forest?

Some very strange animals like a bird-eating spider (8 inches long); the birdwing butterfly, the largest in the



Who will save the Amazon forest?

world (12-inch wingspan); and carnivorous ants, poisonous frogs, and piranhas (fish that have razor-sharp teeth). Even the slowest animal in the world, the sloth, lives there.

What plants grow in the Amazon forest?

Strange plants grow there, like the giant rafflesia, whose flower is three feet wide and weighs 22 pounds. The pitcher plant is a carnivorous plant that eats insects.

Many species are even more mysterious, and scientists hope that these Amazon plants will be the source to obtain remedies for some serious diseases.

What does the Amazon forest resemble?

A building with many floors. The tallest trees form the canopy, up to one hundred feet above the earth, where birds and monkeys live.



**The Amazon forest is a precious treasure
for everyone in the world, and everyone must
take the responsibility of saving it.**

Underneath the canopy is the intermediate level, around fifty feet above the earth, where cats, bats, and snakes live.

Below that is the ground, dark and humid, where jaguars, serpents, and spiders live.

Why is the forest in danger?

Today, trees are cut down to create space for fields to be cultivated and to harvest precious woods. Often, the trees are cut down illegally.



The destruction of the forest puts in danger all the species of plants and animals that live there. Many species run the risk of becoming extinct, which means they may disappear forever.

Why is the forest important?

The Amazon plants help to maintain the equilibrium of the planet.

The earth is surrounded by atmosphere, formed by many gases, including oxygen, which is used for breathing.

Even carbon dioxide is present in the atmosphere. If there is too much, the earth gets hot. This phenomenon is called the greenhouse effect, and it is dangerous. The big forests absorb the carbon dioxide in the air and help to combat the greenhouse effect.







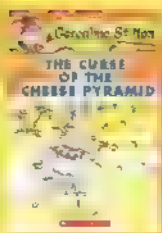
ANIMALS IN THE AMAZON FOREST

1. Montezuma oropendula bird nests
2. Blue-and-gold macaw
3. Silver marmoset monkeys
4. Wedge-capped capuchin monkey
5. Razor-back
6. Indian grass snake
7. Ibis
8. Helena butterfly
9. Anaconda
10. Capybara
11. Jaguar
12. Leaf-cutting ant
13. Opossum
14. Howler monkey
15. Geoffrey marmoset
16. Sloth
17. Toucan
18. Giant otter
19. Tapir
20. Brazilian giant black spider
21. Boa constrictor
22. Tortoise

**Don't miss
any of my
fabumouse
adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure
of the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse
of the Cheese
Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and
Mouse in a
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond
of My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice
Deep in the Jungle**



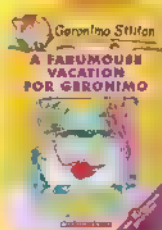
**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for
a Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for
Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of
a Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's
Halloween, You
'Fraidy Mouse!**



**#12 Merry
Christmas,
Geronimo!**



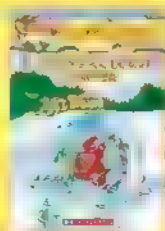
**#13 The Phantom
of the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of
the Ruby of Fire**



**#15 The Mona
Mousa Code**



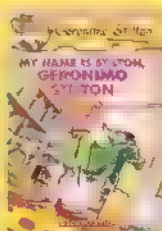
**#16 A Cheese-
Colored Camper**



**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on
the Pirate Islands**



**#19 My Name Is
Stilton, Geronimo
Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!**



**#21 The Wild,
Wild West**



**#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur
Castle**



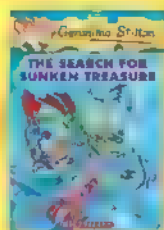
A Christmas Tale



**#23 Valentine's
Day Disaster**



**#24 Field Trip to
Niagara Falls**



**#25 The Search
for Sunken
Treasure**



**#26 The Mummy
with No Name**



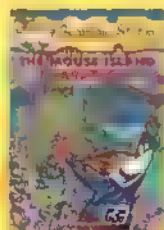
**#27 The
Christmas Toy
Factory**



**#28 Wedding
Crasher**



**#29 Down and
Out Down Under**



**#30 The Mouse
Island Marathon**



**#31 The
Mysterious
Cheese Thief**



**Christmas
Catastrophe**



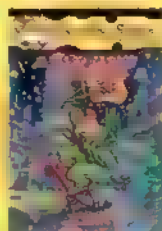
**#32 Valley of the
Giant Skeletons**



**#33 Geronimo
and the Gold
Medal Mystery**



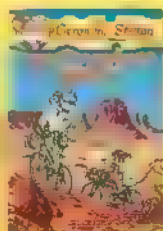
**#34 Geronimo
Stilton, Secret
Agent**



**#35 A Very Merry
Christmas**



**#36 Geronimo's
Valentine**



**#37 The Race
Across America**



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



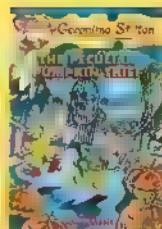
#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjoro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



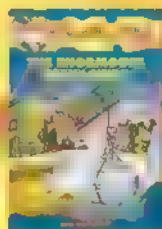
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



**Special Edition:
The Hunt for the Golden Book**



**Check out
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



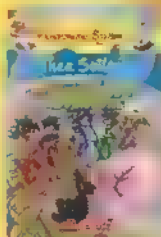
**Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



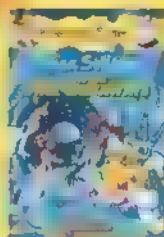
**Thea Stilton and the
Secret City**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton Big Trouble
In the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



**Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**



**Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist**



Be sure
to read all

the Kingdom



**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



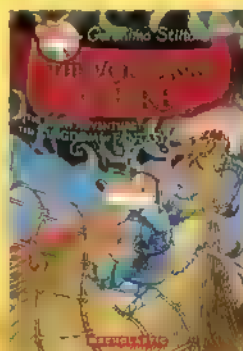
**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**



**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



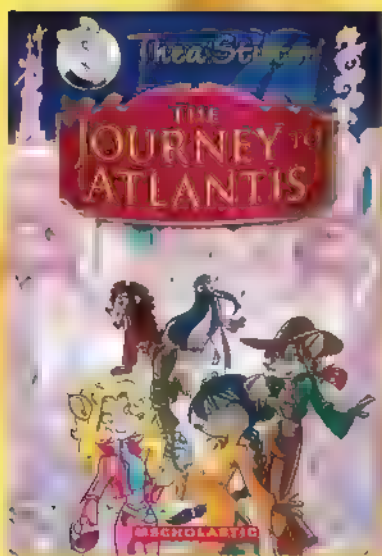
**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



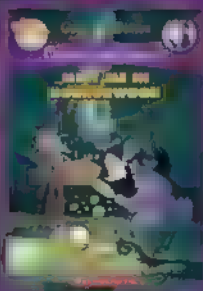
Meet

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR**! She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. **YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **la-mouse-ly funny** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



1. The Scariest Ghost



2. The Most Haunted Barnyard



3. The Spooky Treasure



4. The Vampire's Vampire

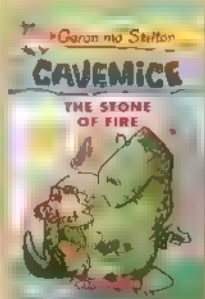


5. The Spooky Moon

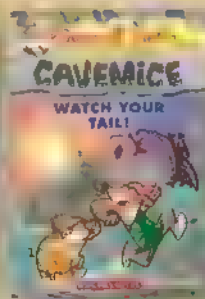


Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



#1 The Stone
of Fire



#2 Watch Your
Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in
Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and
the Frozen

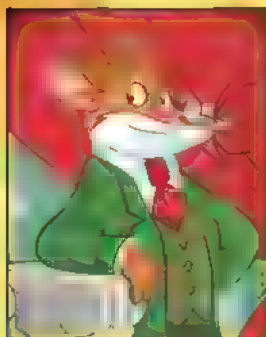


Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

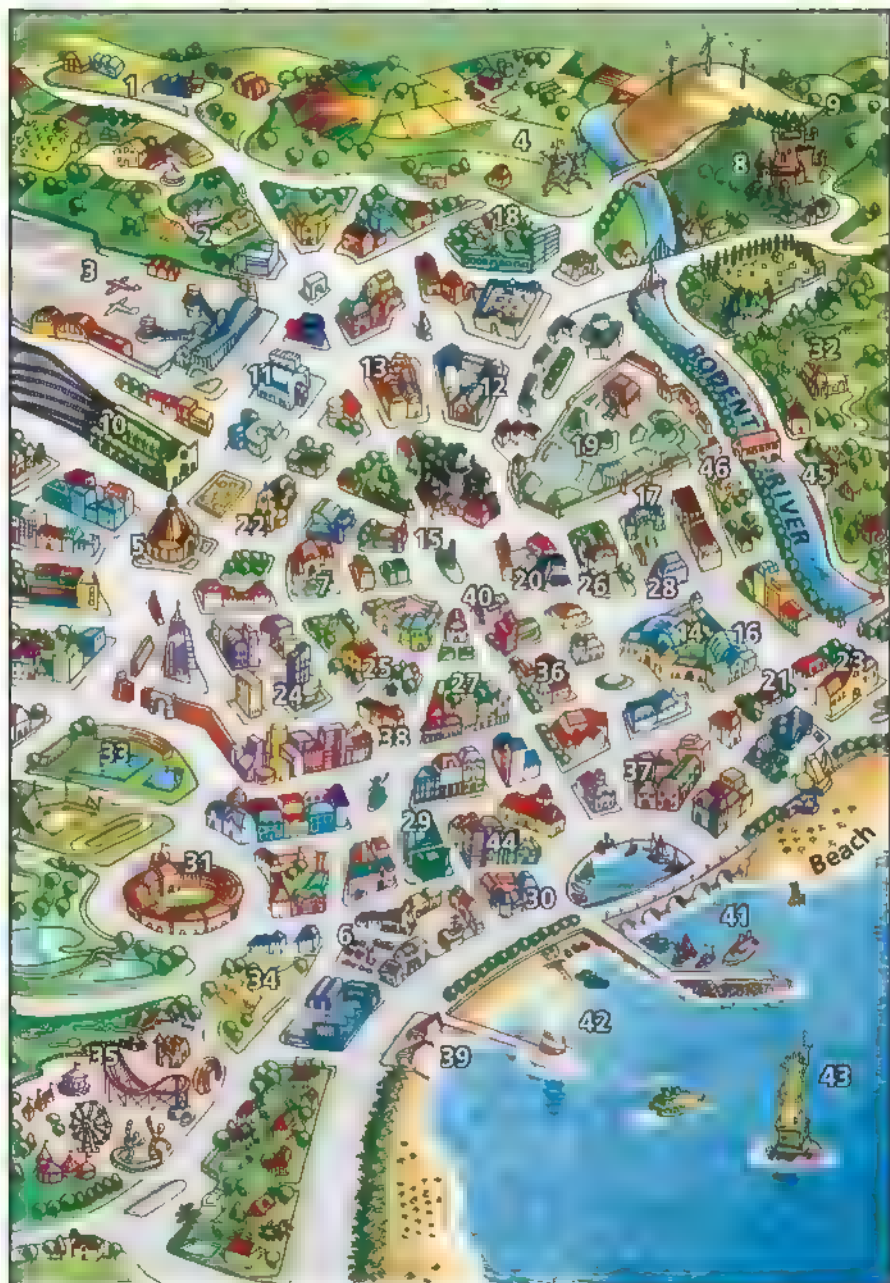
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 26. Trap's House |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 27. Fashion District |
| 5. Cheese Market | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 6. Fish Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 7. Town Hall | 30. Harbor Office |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 32. Golf Course |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 11. Trade Center | 34. Tennis Courts |
| 12. Movie Theater | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 13. Gym | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 37. Historic District |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 38. Public Library |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 39. Shipyard |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 40. Thea's House |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 23. University and Library | 46. Grandfather William's House |

Brigand's Isle

This way to the Rodent Straits



Tomcat Island



Pirate Ship
of Cats



Hamster Islands

This way
to the Mousific
Ocean

Blue Dolphin
Bay

Cat's
Claw
Bay

Panther
Archipelago

Swissville

Stray
Cat
Harbor

Cheddarton

Mouseport

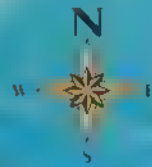
This way
to the
Atlantic Ocean

San Mouscisco

New Mouse City

Mousefort Beach

Furflung Island

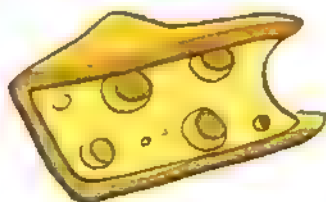


This way to the Sea of Mice



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

THE TEMPLE OF THE RUBY OF FIRE

Holey cheese, it was exciting! Thea, Trap, Benjamin, and I were on the trail of the Ruby of Fire, a legendary gem hidden in the heart of the Amazon jungle. But our quest soon turned into a race against time. Some pretty nasty rodents were after that ruby! Could we keep the priceless stone from falling into the wrong paws?

 **SCHOLASTIC**

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geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

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Map of Mouse Island

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THE MONA MOUSA CODE

Do you like solving mysteries? I do! So when my sister, Thea, heard that there was a secret hidden in Mouse Island's most famous painting, the *Mona Mousa*, I knew we had to crack the code! We began to investigate, and soon we were following a trail of clues that led us below the streets of New Mouse City. There we made the most fabumouse discovery. . . .

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